Demetrius, *with* Aron *the More, and others as many as can be, then set downe the Coffin, and* Titus *speakes.*

Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Lo as the Barke that hath discharged his fraught,
Returnes with pretious lading to the bay,
From whence at first shee wayd her anchorage;
Commeth *Andronicus*, bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Countrie with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gratious to the rights that we entend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead:
These that suruiue, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With burial amongst their auncestors.
Here *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkinde, and careles of thine owne,
Why suffrest thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of stix,
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred Receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweete Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many sonnes hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more.

Lucius. Giue vs the prowdest prisoner of the *Gothes*,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile,
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their boanes,
That so the shadows be not vnappeazde,

Nor we disturbde with
Titus. I giue him yo
The eldest sonne of thi
Tamora. Stay Rom
Victorious *Titus*, rue th
A mothers teares in pas
And if thy sonnes were
Oh thinke my sonne to
Sufficeth not that we ar
To beautifie thy triumj
Captiue to thee, and to
But must my sonnes be
For valiant dooings in
O if to fight for king an
VVere pietie in thine,
Andronicus, staine no
VVilt thou draw neer
Draw neere them ther
Sweete mercie is Nob
Thrice Noble *Titus*, s
Titus. Patient you
These are their brethr
Aliue and dead, and fo
Religiously they aske
To this your sonne is
T'appease their gronin
Lucius. Away with
And with our swords
Lets hew his limbs till

Tamora. O cruell
Chiron. VVas ne
Demetrius. Oppo
Alarbus goes to rest a
To tremble vnder *Ti*